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STRAY MELODIES
AND
SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

JOHN B. KETCHUM.



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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





STRAY MELODIES

— AND —

SONGS OF SENTIMENT.

By JOHN B. KETCHUM.

“Trifles, light as air.”

— *Shakespeare.*

NEW YORK:
AMERICAN LITERARY AGENCY.

1884.



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APOLOGY.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak,
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

He that doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crowned at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

I FONDLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME, THE FRAIL
FRUIT OF YOUTHFUL FANCY AND MANHOOD'S FUGITIVE HOURS,

TO MY WIFE,

THE CONSTANT PARTNER OF MY JOYS AND SORROWS, HOPES AND
ASPIRATIONS, FOR THE QUARTER-CENTURY LAST PAST.

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POEMS, MELODIES, ETC.

LIFE'S DREAM.

The winds of evening breathed in chorus sweet,
The azure sky had lost itself in gold ;
The blue-tinged clouds, with gently swaying feet
Round the dim mountains hung their gorgeous fold.
The parting sunbeams smiled upon the trees,
And rosy shadows played along the vale,
The robins chanted 'mid the curling leaves,
And drooped the lily in its beauty pale.

The faint white moon was midway in the sky —
A silver shield she seemed — a shield of love,
Pure in her whiteness 'mid the crimson dye,
Slowly she wandered o'er the dome above.
By the oped lattice of a cottage low,
A fair young girl lay on her pillows white,
Her pale cheeks roseate in the sunset glow,
Her blue eyes beaming strangely clear and bright.

Back from her forehead swept the pale gold hair,
Her waxen hands were folded on her breast ;
The soft wind left its gentle breathing there,—
And kissed her, ere she sought the promised rest.
Close by her side her mother knelt in woe,—
No tear-drop dimmed the anguish of her eye :
To Heaven she looked for Hope's bright starry bow,
And in that presence hushed was every sigh.

“Mother,” the pale lips said, “the day is done ;
Fading away the roses from the sky ;
Thus does my life in brightness slowly wane,
In youth's young spring I've laid me down to die ;
Yet, mother, I cannot die — the earth all bright,
The streamlets fair — the glorious flowers in bloom ;
I cannot pass through death's cold, gloomy night,
Or change life's beauty for the distant tomb !

“I do not fear the grave ; but oh, to leave
Thee here, sweet mother; oh! how lone thou'lt be ;
The morn no gladness — nor the hush of eve —
Thy thoughts will wander where thou'st buried me ;
All, all alone, and sad, and I must sleep,
Nor raise my hands to wipe away thy tears ;
Not to be near thee when thy dim eyes weep —
Cold in the grave to sleep through endless years.

“ Mother, I feel that I am dying, dying ;
Mother, thy face is passing from me now —
I close my eyes — soon, in the cold grave lying,
The damp will rest upon my chilly brow !
Heaven’s gate is opening ! the crystal light
Breaks on my sight ! clear looms the distant shore ;
Spirit, I come ; gone are the shades of night —
Mother, farewell ! ” Life’s Dream with her was o’er.

WHERE?—IMPROMPTU.

How have these well-known scenes renewed
The thoughts and hopes of earlier hours,
When life — a desert now — was strewed
With fairest flowers ?

Then life was young, and thou wert fair ;
Now flowers are faded — joys are fled —
And youth and love are with the dead ;
And thou art — where ?

THE RECALL.

“Soldier ! rest — thy warfare’s o’er ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking !
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger — nights of waking.”

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Hark ! ’tis the low, shrill trumpet that sounds the
recall ;

And sweet its long note is to friend and to foe ;
The onsets of horses now no longer appall ;
The last charging squadron has struck the last
blow.

Where now is he who led the charge foremost at
dawn,

With bright corselet, steel morion and rich vest ?
His breast-plate is dented, and his helmet is gone :—
The crimson field mocks at the clouds in the west.

Far over the torn heath lie the valiant and slain ;
Their places in the solid, close ranks are filled :
Life, Pride, Honor and Love, alike now are as vain,
And coldly passive, as the blood that is spilled.

Warrior ! would'st for strength to strike at the foe
once more,
To die with thy face to the front of thy foes ?
What need ? the vict'ry is thine, and the fight is o'er ;
Thou hast broken his ranks, and levell'd long rows.

List ! how sweetly sounds now thy Lady's soft-tun'd
lute ;
How fragrant the dew-sprinkled flowers from her
bower ;
Press the Cross to thy lips, and her Token salute,
'Ere night comes and calls the gray-owl from yon
tower.

Oh ! soldier, gaze last on the white scarf at thy breast ;
To thy Saint and to thy Lady commend thee ;
Her blue eye shall seek thee, but shall find thee at rest ;
When the morning drum-beat shall sound Reveille.

Farewell ! the pale moon on thy cold corse is falling ;
Proud hearts long shall mourn thee, and bright
eyes will weep ;
And oft shall thy Lady's sweet lute be heard calling,
But never again shalt thou wake from thy sleep.

THE WATCHER.

MARCH 13TH, 1876.

"GO, BURY THY SORROW."

Last words to his Mother.

Pale moonbeams through the curtains fall
In silent waves of silv'ry light ;
I sit beside my dead child's pall,
And wait the long, lone hours of night.

But yester-morn at dewy hour,
No sweeter bud on life's fair tree ;
To-day a blighted, wither'd flow'r,
Clings to the stem of memory.

The March winds sob upon his grave ;
There willows weep and cypress sighs :
No pray'r avail'd his life to save ; —
The soul sought swift its native skies.

THE STORM-KING.

With wrinkled brow and hoary head,
And breathing peril forth,
Came down with firm and stately tread
The Storm-King from the North !
A solemn dirge there came of sighs,
And clouds rode in the gale ;
The sun withdrew to southern skies
And shone with lustre pale.

O'er all the landscape far and wide,
White drapery he spread ;
'Twas not the vesture of the bride,
But that which shrouds the dead ;
His wand just touch'd the window-pane ;
What images appear'd !
And castles, such as in the brain,
By Fancy's hand are rear'd.

Like adamant became the ground
Whereon his foot was set ;

In icy fetters firm he bound
Each pool and rivulet ;
The birds that filled the air with song
Foresaw his dismal reign,
And while autumnal days were long,
Poured forth their parting strain.

The forest trees, shorn of their charms
And blast-protecting screen,
Spread to the sky their naked arms —
All, save the evergreen :
As timid maidens stand o'erawed
At sight of warlike bands,
So while the Storm-King sways his Rod
All nature trembling stands.

There is a winter of the *heart*,
When dark forebodings sway,
And when serenest joys depart
Like birds of summer's day ;
But Hope remains — the Evergreen —
Amid surrounding gloom,
To decorate each wint'ry scene,
And smile above the tomb.

THE BELLS OF THE VALLEY.

THE ARGUMENT.—At the evening hour we can distinctly hear, from our residence in the Ramapo Valley, full three miles distant, the ringing of the village church bells at Monsey and Spring Valley (N. Y.), inviting to the worship of God. At first we hear only the measured chime of the bells as the sounds gradually steal over the distance, and as gradually recede, until the faint toll is scarcely perceptible.

Oh ! hark to the call of the sweet church bells,

Whose tones break the still Sabbath air ;

Falling, as the chimes come over the dells,

On the soul like the voice of prayer :

How they plead and entreat to be wise !

Begging heed to Mercy's fond call ;

In notes whose sweetness allure to the skies —

In strains soft as from Angels fall

Over a sinner's return.

Hark again to the bells measur'd tolling,

Marking the last moments of day ;

While God's minist'ring spirits are rolling

Our burdens of guilt far away :

What if no voice of Preacher can reach us—
With our God we here can commune ;
And the pleading bell-tone can still teach us,
And our hearts to worship attune
With the Bells of the Valley.

Oh, bells, ring on ! for our thoughts are clinging
To the Sabbaths of other days ;
When we heard at first the church bell ringing,
And the story of Wisdom's ways :
How our young years pass'd—and the tuneful bell
A changing strain was pealing ;
As firm and true our baptismal vows fell,
Vows the bell was so fondly sealing
When fairest the Autumn time.

Sweet bells! ye have brought to our eyes some tears,
As we've thought on life's shifting scene ;
On the mocking picture of later years,
And of all that we might have been.
God guide us through life, and keep us in love,
And when from earth we shall sever,
May the Angel-songs that come from above,
Fall on our spirits forever
In endless Hallelujahs.

WANDERING WINDS.

Oh ! wandering winds that press from far-off climes
and seas,

And on my fragile way so rudely, wildly blow ;
Come ! and these strangely anxious thoughts and
fears appease ;

While o'er my fruitless past let Lethe's waters flow.

Have I not toil'd with eager hope to win from Fame
Some recognition I could look upon with pride ?
A few sweet buds to twine around my humble name,
'Ere all the flow'rs poetic in my soul had died ?

Me-thought could I but cull some bright and fade-
less flowers,

The stern and rugged paths of Genius hold and
yield,

I had not spent in vain life's short and fleeting
hours,

But gained a wreath of perfect beauty from the
field.

Yet I have wrung some slight applause from the
world's heart !

But, oh ! how weak and valueless it now appears ;
Piercing my very soul with envious, cruel dart,
As on my wasted pathway lie the stricken years.

What matters if my way be rough and chequer'd
here,

My home far from the stately City's moral strife ?
So that my soul looks through high Heaven's atmosphere,
And bears the impress of Christ's great and kindly
life.

Not late I learn to weave bright garlands from the
flow'rs of Truth ;

Leaving the world's high-blooming regions of
romance :
And solace drawing from the magic fount of Youth,
Envy not wealth's display — nor pride and circumstance.

Here would I rest ! nor longer feed, in mental pain,
On unsubstantial phantoms of the brain and mind ;
Nor fondly hug delusions — imaged, wild and vain,
Born of the idly wand'ring breeze and desert wind.

A LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

Drear Autumn wind now rudely blows —
Dead leaves drop thick and fast ;
Chill gusts foretell of Alpine snows,
And Summer days are past.

The flowers that to the wanton air
Their frail forms gently bow'd ;
Stand pleading now in mute despair,
While Winter weaves their shroud.

The merry birds have taken flight ;
And voiceless, shrub and tree ;
Adieu ! to song and ladies bright ;—
The Poet's pen is free.

Farewell to Summer airs and skies —
To joys so lately ours !
What spirit will refuse its sighs
For Summer's cloudless hours.

Light hearts that care not to survive
The sunny days of June ;
E'en in December shall revive,
And Lyres anew attune.

And hours when Love alone conveys
His true Flame to the heart ;
Shall come again in after days,
And bridal skies impart.

SONG.—WE MEET NO MORE.

AIR: “ *The Harp that once thro’ Tara’s Halls,*”

We meet no more — for Fate has wak’d
Love’s dearest, fondest dream ;
It but remains to say Farewell,
Without from Hope a gleam :
How can I cross Life’s dreary waste,
Or know the future’s store —
Our hearts united n’er again,
And we to meet no more ?

Yet sweet ’twill be in future hours,
To think on joys long past ;
And sad to know of pleasures o’er,
Whose brightness could not last :
Here in this transitory world,
This changing scene of ours,
The darkest shadows on the soul,
Succeed the reign of flow’rs.

'Tis over now.—Forgive, and let
No thought of me remain ;
We part ! and yet in after years,
May we not meet again ?
Our sails are set to woo the breeze
That parts us from the shore,
Our barks will drift full wide apart —
And we may meet not more.

Farewell ! With brave heart in my breast,
I launch upon the wave ;—
May thy pathway be clear and bright,
And Heav'n thy good ship save :
No howling storms rage o'er thy way,
No touch of burning sand ;
But '*bon*' the '*voyage*' be to thee —
And sweet the cry of '*Land !*'

THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND.

AN ARMY SONG,—1862,

Haste, boys! the drum-beat bids us come,
Though fast the girls enchain ;
A soldier's lot it is to roam,
While cowards home remain ;
So good-bye, girls! when we are far,
Each soldier true you'll find ;
And you shall know how dear you are —
You girls we leave behind !

The eyes I love are deepest jet —
Some love the blue and gray —
And long 'twill be 'ere we forget
How bright they beam to-day !
Ah, girls! turn not away those eyes,
Nor deem us still unkind ;
Now doubly dear are all your sighs —
You girls we leave behind.

Adieu, dear girls ! our duty calls —

 The bugle sounds away !

Its music on the soldier falls,

 The morrow brings the fray :

But in your hearts — oh, have no fear

 That to the rear you'll find

The gallant boys, still fondly dear,

 To girls they leave behind !

SONG.—LOVE'S AVOWAL.

TO L. M. C.

AURORA-ON-CAYUGA-LAKE.—AUGUST, 1857.

The night-breeze steals across the lake ;
And falls on floral bow'rs
As soft as if it feared to break
The slumbers of the flow'rs ;—
So, Lady, may my gentle song
Come to thee in repose ;
And whisper, as it steals along,
A tale thy heart well knows.

Tis of that fairest Autumn night,
When stars so brightly shone :
We met there in its witching light,
And thou wert all my own :—
Thou gav'st me then thy soft, white hand —
Thy bosom rose and heav'd —
While love, with more than fairy's wand,
A subtle net had weav'd.

The moments glided all too soon —
Soft fell the pale moonlight ;
Thy vow was by the chaste, full moon,
Which witnessed then our ' plight : '
O, swear again, that thou'lt be mine,
And keep thy ' troth ' to me ! —
As I am evermore but thine,
Though 'tween us roll a sea.

Sweet Lady, in thy blushing look
I read thy answer plain ;
Let angels, in their record-book,
Write it all o'er again :
And let them seal the vow of love
That binds thee to be mine —
And stars be witness, high above,
While Heav'n proclaims me thine.

HYMN—THERE IS A LAND.

"There remaineth therefore a rest."

HEB. 4, 9.

There is a land, I know not where ;
A country far away ;
Upon whose shores no gloomy night
Breaks on the joys of Day :
A land Earth's weari'd ones may find
When darkness comes apace ;
And fast the shades of Death advance,
And well is won the race.

Here every dream of rest deceives
The fainting storm-toss'd soul ;
And o'er the heart great bitter floods
Of Marah's waters roll :
There we shall bask in Seraph's light
While God, the Father, lives ;
And eat the fruits from Life's fair Tree,
Which Christ so freely gives.

Thither my Saviour and my God,
My zealous steps direct ;
And grant that I may be of those
Thou'lt claim as Thine elect :—
Be Thou through life my constant Guide ;
And when the Crowns are given,
Grant me Eternal-life above,
And perfect rest in Heaven.

THE PRISONER'S LAMENT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS LINDA GILBERT.

There will come nevermore for me, for me ;
Fond zephyr-like breezes so wild and free ;
Never, for once, on my brow shall I feel
In freedom again, their cool kisses steal.

Sunbeams may linger on hill-top and stream ;
Play 'round my casement in fantastic gleam ;
But to the lone Pris'ner whose sighs are all vain,
Shall come no release from bondage and chain.

The flow'rs that bloom'd on my path in the Spring,
Have hasted away like birds on the wing ;
And fancies and dreams of earlier years
Have all turned in guilt to sorrow and tears.

Oh ! for the love and the home of my youth ;
For the innocent days of boyhood and truth !
Oh ! for a glimpse of that home in the wood ;—
Long on the crest of the hill it has stood.

List ! 'tis the peal of yon far-distant bell ;—
How falls on my soul its accusing knell !
Years from its kindly call held I aloof,—
Hating instruction and despising reproof.

Mother, oh, mother ! I may not repress
Longings and tears for your gentle caress ;
Songs ending in wild and weeping refrain,
For sins that sting deep with the Adder's pain.

Farewell!—home, kindred, youth, music and mirth;—
The Pris'ner here hath no friend on the earth ;
The bird to her rest !—and Hope come and dwell
Through the long, lone years, in the Captive's cell.

AUTUMN'S FALLING LEAVES.

Autumn leaves —
Falling, falling,
Falling to the ground ;
Sere and yellow,
October mellow,
Scatt'ring all around.

Falling leaves —
Who can paint
Autumn's showy dyes ?
Gold and red,
Hang o'erhead,
Matching sunset skies.

Autumn leaves —
Faintly dropping,
Thickly strew our way ;
Hear the rustle,
And the tussle,
And the wind's fierce play.

Autumn leaves —
Sadly falling !
Mem'ry will entwine
Late Autumn flow'rs
From nem'ral bow'rs
With your days divine.

* * * * *

Autumn's o'er —
Now no more
Fall the faded leaves ;
Winter's near,
Chill and drear
Moans December's breeze.

Autumn leaves —
May recur
With each coming year ;
But above,
There is love,
And no Autumn drear.

UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

1855.—MID-SUMMER.—1880.

Under the apple trees —
Under the mossy boughs,
Come old-time memories
Of youth and early vows :
Here were Love's sweetest lays,
Here Childhood's wildest glees ;
Boyhood's elysian dreams —
Manhood's stern reveries,

Under the apple trees —
Under the leaves of green,
The soft wind's playing yet
Where *she* so oft hath been :
But Time some ruin's wrought ;
Spring's blossoms all are dead —
The green leaves of the *heart*
Are wither'd, sere, and red.

Under the apple trees —
Under the grape-vine swing,
When dear girls made the skies
With woodland echoes ring :
The swing is ivyed now,
The girls — will *they* return ?
Stand here with me and wait ;
And call from shrouded urn.

Under the apple trees —
Hard by the silver spring,
Where grows the alder-rush,
And where the red birds sing,
The bright skies bend the same ;
The brook is rippling near ;
And on an aged oak
Is carv'd a name full dear.

Under the apple trees —
Sad are our hearts to-day !
The hours of song have fled,
And Love's fore'er away ;
Earth's fondest ties are loos'd,
Forgot the young — the proud ;
The apple trees are old ;
And life's an evening cloud.

SYMPATHY.—TO MY WIFE.

The wintry upland stretches cold and bare,
Looking a-weary 'neath the pallid stars ;
The giant trees extend their arms in prayer,
While the north-sky is red with glim'ring bars ;
But through the frozen zones,
I hear but spirit-moans,
Thrilling the silence of the pulseless air,
As sea-moans thrill a vessel's shattered spars.

The moon hangs listless on the brow of night,
As though a weariness had clogged her way ;
No smile is on her face — her wan, pale light,
Is void of feeling as a coquette's play ;
No love beams in her eye,
She loves no more the sky
Over whose realm she long has swayed her might,
Like a usurper o'er the throne of day.

Outcast upon the city's sordid heart,
I lift my hands appealingly to Heaven ;
My prayer is vain ; no sympathy doth start
On the Moon's face, or in the eyes of even' ;
Only the wind sighs low,
Over the cold, white snow ;
Mocking my worship with relentless dart,
And giving no release to the pent heart.

So o'er my soul a winter's spell had come,
Congealing all the fountains of that soul :
No flower of Hope or Faith essayed to bloom,
No energy could win its fond control :
Up from the gloomy past,
There came, as on the blast,
A sad refrain from out its dreary way,
Black'ning the prospect of a future day.

But soft ! a gentle tear falls silently
Upon the heart congealed ; the frozen sea
Of love doth melt, and swells as tenderly
As when in youth beneath the trysting-tree !
Brown eyes are beaming bright,
Upon my gloom and night ;
And through the winning power of *Sympathy*,
My heart is disenthralled again and free !

EVENING SHADOWS.

“Come like shadows, so depart.”

— *Shakespeare.*

The evening shadows lengthen on the floor ;
And softest winds are wooing northern flowers ;
Weary, I wander out the oaken door,
Searching all vainly for some long lost hours.
Here have I sigh'd to reach life's ideal goal ;
Here now I bid adieu to vale and stream,
To all that to my fancy seems a dream ;
And wave farewell, with sorrow in my soul,
To one forever lost to this fond heart's control.

My early love ! Wreaths of my early days !
Your 'lasting perfume lingers 'round me yet ;
While Time uncovers with Aurora's rays,
The sweet and long lost image of Jeannette.
Her life was gentle as the opening rose,
And I was happy ! But the dream is o'er !
Those years are rott'ning on the Past's dim shore ;
While memory's treasure-house still fondly shows
A portrait which this bosom can no more enclose.

Oh, Time ! from off my heart the shadows roll ;
 Call up again my boyhood's gentle strain :
Alas ! no note finds echo in my soul —
 On earth that song will never wake again !
The "halcyon days" for which my heart still sighs,
 The "gilded halos" 'round my childhood's way,
 And voices sweet — oh, mem'ry ! where are they ?
No welcome smile, no fondly beaming eyes
Fall on me now, or break the mirage of the skies.

Reckless, I float away on life's rough wave ;
 Looking, all pleadingly, toward the stars !
With age's voice I ask but for a grave ;
 Nor wish for succor from approaching spars.
I hear the dashing of the nearer surge —
 And feel a hope of quick relief within !
 It strikes ! false hope ! 'tis but a shoal of sin,
Still floating on — I near the fatal verge,
Death comes at last for me ! slow march, without a
 dirge !

RACHELLE.

“It is decreed by Heaven above,
That soon, or late, we all must love.”

I think of thee, thou fondest one, when twilight
gently falls
Upon the earth at trysting-hour, and whip-o-will low
calls ;
And when the pale, pale moonbeams slant across
the oaken floor,
And nothing save that call is heard to break the
mill-stone's roar.

And often when alone I sit beside the busy mill,
How many thoughts come trooping back my mem-
ory to fill ;
And holy cravings — fancies sweet — come to me
from afar,
As tender as the love-beams in yonder radiant star.

'Tis then I think how fair thou art, and my ambitious heart
Grasps ever at transcendent things with mystic,
earthly art ;
The Poet's air comes o'er me then, the Poet's fire's
within,
And lights my soul with love anew, and shades its
sombre sin.

Men court ambitions high in this frail, sublunary
sphere,
Entwining fast their glorious names to each succeeding
year ;
Too soon the dread eternities are startled by each
name,
And only Memnon-like is heard the music of their
fame.

But I will read Leander's Love, and think on Hero's
truth ;
Nor blindly wander seeking Fame while flies the
hours of youth ;
Thy triumph comes not late, oh Love, when I can
thus arise,
And sing thy praises high above the fam'd of Eastern
skies.

WHO IS HAPPY?

Who in this world is happy? —

Who has a bosom at rest?

Who has taken contentment,

To make his life journey blest?

Who is not ever asking —

Praying for more to be sent?

Who, in this wide universe,

Says that his heart is content?

Not the Prince in his palace —

Not the King on his throne —

Not the Queen with diadem

Decked by many a stone ;

Not in homes of the haughty,

Where beauty rustles in silk —

Not in the sunniest land,

Flowing with honey and milk !

Not where the dance and music
Ring through the fretted hall —
Not where the rarest old pictures
Cover the frescoed wall !
But in the homes of *virtue* —
Round the hearth-stone of *right*,
Where the true flame of love
Forever is burning bright !

Where the soft word of kindness
Eases the throbbing brain,
And gentle tones, like river's song,
Fall on the ear of pain :—
Where the Golden Rule is shedding
Its blessings tried and true —
“ Do unto others as ye would
Others should do unto you ! ”

There are the truly happy,
There they diffuse and enjoy
A peace that the world's shame and wrong
Can neither dim nor destroy !
Give me this boon, oh Heaven !
This gift most kindly sent —
And teach me never to murmur more,
But be with this content !

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

TO MY SISTER, MISS KETCHUM.

*“Those women which labored with me in the Gospel * * * *
whose names are in the Book of Life.—ST. PAUL.*

Servant of Christ, what cheer ?
What of the passing night ?—
Cometh the anxious morning near,
While darkness takes it flight ?

Oh ! patient toiler, wise ;
Thine is the bless'd employ ;
Thou hast great promise from the skies,
And Heav'n will bring thee joy.

Thy Saviour comes, in light,
To give thee thy reward ;
And clothe thy form in garments white,
When loos'd the silver cord.

Count up thy garner'd sheaves ;
Thy house in order set ;—
Thy life no blighted record leaves,
Or follies to regret.

Thy fruit is perfect fruit ;—
Thy record's far on high :
Thy earnest work hath taken root,
And lights the Heathen sky.

Still sow the precious seed
In thy unselfish ways ;
The golden harvest be thy meed,
After full many days.

REALF.

“ One writ with me in sour misfortune's book ! ”

— *Shakespeare.*

Oh, who that knew that living form,
Moving in earth's glad scenes of light,
Saw that so soon the cloud and storm
Would sink it in the shades of night ?
And who was he who thus began
His early days in joy and mirth ?
The race of being briefly ran,
And left, untimely, this fair earth.

Stranger ! I know that he was one
Who fled for refuge from dire fate ;
Who wander'd, yet not quite alone,
Pursued by demons of fell hate !
And when griefs press'd too thick and sore,
Without a thought, with bated breath —
Forgetting that great Heav'n was o'er,
He leaped into the realm of death !

Stranger ! I only know that he
Was one who came and went ; I know
That the worn frame was silently
Borne to its resting place below ;
I do but know that he was one
Of many who are daily seen —
Whose sands of life so swift are run,
Men marvel they have ever been.

He had high hopes for human weal —
Who has not felt his kindly sway ?
Passions — for these all beings feel ;
Griefs — they are scattered o'er our way.
He mingled with the world's vain show,
And found it wearisome as vain ;
Had pleasures too, and in their flow,
He quenched remembrance of his pain.

But more than this, I know not ; where
The wearied spirit's lot is cast ;
Or what its thoughts or feelings are,—
I only know its woes have passed ;
Passed — for though bright the path he trod,
Yet darkness often hung around ;
And in this new, unknown abode —
They come not — Death's is hallowed ground !

THE FAREWELL.

TO MISS KATE BRYDEN, ON HER LEAVING NEW YORK.

“A word which must be, and hath been; a sound which makes us linger.”

Farewell ! gentle Kate, the sad sigh as we part,
In murmuring numbers will steal from my heart ;
To think that so soon yon proud vessel will sweep
With you o'er the foam of the Hudson's deep ;
While its waves 'round you resplendent will rise,
And flash in the moonbeams like light from thine
eyes ;

While lovely as nature in heart and in mein,
Like the dewy lily you'll bend o'er the scene,
And pensively list to the surge's wild song,
On ambrosial breezes, as borne soft along ;
While your heart by chains of enchantment is bound,
And the moon is shedding her glory around ;
And the stars in the skies, as they sparkle above,
Will be as the glance from the eyes that we love :

Oh, then when your heart's warmest feelings will
 roam,

O'er the dark, green waves to your own dear home,
Will a thought from your bosom e'er wander along

On the winds, to gladden this sad son of song?

Whose Muse paints his feelings unpolish'd by art,
In the language of truth, as it flows from his heart ;
And who prizes the tear in woman's soft eyes,

Far more than the rubies 'neath India's blue skies :
For woman with virtue and gentleness giv'n,

Sheds the purest of light on our pathway to Heav'n ;
Without her the world were barren and bare,

No perfume in flowers, no balm in the air :

But adieu, gentle Kate, wherever you rove,

May you meet with sunshine from hearts that you
 love ;

May fate shed around you its smiles and its flowers,
And soft breezes fan you to wild orange bowers :

May friendship's rare blessings be lavished on thee,
Amid the deep valley, or dark-bosom'd sea ;

And Love's tender offerings be strewn at thy shrine,
Alas ! with such hopes as I now wish were mine :

But there are some feelings no language can tell —
Again, gentle Kate, adieu ! Fare thee well !

ALLETTA.

"Many a year the sweet, wild roses,
Over her grave have bloom'd and died :
Slowly this sad existence closes —
I am going to meet my bride."

— *Henry Morford.*

I stand alone in sorrow, looking upward for the light,
While around me drops the curtain of the dull and
sombre night ;
I walk upon the moonlit hills, and catch the reddening
glow
Of her beams upon the water-nymphs that revel far
below ;
And my memory turneth backward, like a sudden
parted stream,
To an hour when life was compassed by an all-
absorbing dream.

I bethink me of the cottage where we taught our
hearts to love,
And the beautiful hills surrounding, where we were
wont to rove ;

Where we listen'd to the turtle, as he sang among
the pines,
And made our souls repeat his song before each
other's shrines ;
'Tis a sad, a tearful memory, which fills my heart
with pain,
To think we lived it over once, but cannot live again.

I walk upon the darkling-moor, and hear the singing
spheres,
As they chant their mystic music — weeping wild
and painful tears ;
I watch the Pleiads in their course, as musingly they
stray,
Seeming to seek their sister lost among the milky
way ;
And my soul runs out in sympathy, to seek its
kindred soul,
But trembles on the wayside, just in prospect of the
goal !

When the dim cupuscle shadows gather darkly o'er
the plain,
When the heavens ease their sorrow in a vesper song
of rain ;

When the early spell of Autumn casts a sadness
o'er the pines,
And the moss has less affection for the chapel's
crumbling shrines ;
I feel a kindred ruin in the temple of my heart,
And all the light of memory cannot rend the gloom
apart !

But I still walk on in darkness, heeding not the
heavy night,
Waiting for the distant archway, leading to eternal
light ;
Watching for the fitful glimmer, patient at its long
delay,
Only pausing in my journey to kneel down and try
to pray ;
But the end is all uncertain ; none can see the dash-
ing wave —
If it brings Alletta's love,—or surges o'er her early
grave !

SONG.—JENNY IN THE LANE.

TO MRS. RACHEL U. SEARING.

AIR: "*Hours there were.*"

Where the heavy shade is falling,
 'Neath the lane's old trysting-trees,
And the Eastern winds are calling
 Shell-like music from the seas ;
Where fairest nature hath retreats,
 And flow'rs the heart enchain,
There pleading Love, still fond, entreats
 Youthful Jenny in the Lane.

She was sweet as early roses,
 Gentle as the summer's eve ;
Fairer than the bud that closes
 When the day begins to leave :
Though lost to me on life's fair shores,
 Bright fancies yet remain ;
And Time, a moment, now restores
 Fairy Jenny and the Lane.

Here when the daylight sunk to rest
She came, in radiant light ;
A vision sweet — a fairy guest,
Old memories to unite ;
How dear to me the past now seems !
How fond is memory's chain ?
Ah ! cruel Fate, that wak'd my dreams —
Dreams of Jenny and the Lane.

Oh ! the seasons since we parted,
And the youthful hours long flown !
Jenny, evermore true-hearted,
Here has left me all alone ;
I've wander'd far from my lov'd cot —
O'er seas, isles and sunny Spain ;
My heart's still warm — I've not forgot
Brown-eyed Jenny in the Lane.

Long years have pass'd,—and stars are bright,
And birds sing just as gaily ;
The summer air's still soft and light,
The lanes are green and shady ;
But she has gone — alack, the day !
Boyish hours are short and vain ;
Young Love has flown, and shadows stay
On his pathway in the Lane.

LATE MAY.

It is a morning of late May,
The gentle rain of yesterday
Has passed like childhood's tears away,
 And sunshine gilds the hour ;
The breeze that comes from Southern vales,
Glides softly o'er the hills and dales,
And drinks the nectar that exhales
 From every opening flower.

What glorious sights the orchards show,
Enrobed in garments white as snow,
And waving grandly to and fro —
 Seas of rosy billows ;
Beauteous is the lilac's plume,
Redolent with such sweet perfume ;
Beauteous, too, the cherry's bloom,
 And fol'age of willows.

Now strains of melody I hear,
As Nature's choristers appear,
And fill the air with merry cheer
 And joyful carolings ;
The robin, chief among the choir,
To various chords attunes his lyre ;
Now soft and low — then rising higher,
 'Till all the welkin rings.

I pause amid the dream-like view,
And ask myself if it be true ;
Or if some fairy's fingers drew
 The panorama all ;
Or if the Power, supreme and wise,
Presents to our admiring eyes
This scene, to show how Paradise
 Appeared before man's fall.

MY ROCKLAND HOME.

Nestled in trees, with their whispering leaves,
In sight of Ramapo's hills,
Where the sunbeams glint with red and with gold,
The heaves of the gushing rills ;
And the summer breeze, the soft mountain air,
With dreamy, light music fills.

There are evergreen, and maple between,
And birds'-nests cling to the boughs,
And the pine's low voice oft' thrills on the ear,
Like a friar's monastic vows ;
And the lone night wind thro' the locust trees
In a wild, weird chorus soughs.

There are beetling cliffs, where the white cloud-rifts
Drop almost to earth their fold ;
And in twilight dim the sweet evening star
Rests there in a blaze of gold ;
And in my fond heart for the old, grey rocks,
Is a wealth of love untold.

Oh ! I love our whole land ! this fair fatherland !
 Every rock and tangled fen ;
Our wide, mighty streams, and our wide-capp'd seas,
 Each vale and mountainous glen ;
And my soul goes forth, with a burst of pride,
 To our brave, true-hearted men.

TREAD SOFTLY.—IMPROMPTU.

Softly tread
Over the graves of the kind and the cherished :
 Gently speak
Of those who have sadly and early perished :
 Heeding not
Angry words, quickly spoken in bye-gone years,
 Forget and
Forgive — remember we leave this valley of tears
 Kindly, oh
Kindly, speak of a brother when life is o'er —
 Mildly, 'ere
You pass fore'er from this sad, chequered shore.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON.

A MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT AVERY.

He snatched from its silver sheath his bright, trusty
blade,

And bravely on the foe's grim parapet sprang ;
But his sword fell from his grasp on the rude barri-
cade,

As o'er his brave men his last shout sternly rang.

But he heard, as he fell, a great war-cry through the
glade,

Like the thundering tones of surging sea-waves ;
'Twas, " Ho ! comrades, close in through the death-
breach he hath made,

Or, evermore be but as cowards and slaves ! "

" Dead at the post of Honor ! " Ah ! yes ; but who
can tell

Of the conflict, and rich blood lost in the strife !

But toll for the brave Avery a dirge and a knell,
And muffle the loud drum and shroud the shrill
fife.

Oh, weep for the youthful hero your earliest tears ;
And, Fame! lend a page for the true and the brave ;
He hath given, for us, all the rich promise of years,
And his bright wealth of love, for a soldier's grave.

Aye ! let him sleep sweetly on, for his country full
long
Shall keep bright his deeds, and his mem'ry cher-
ish :
And her best praise shall be given, in story and
song,
To her patriot sons who so nobly perish.

SLEEP, LADY, SLEEP.

A SERENADE.

Sleep, Lady, sleep ! it is the hour of rest ;
The sun sinks deep a-down the distant West ;
The night winds rock the tir'd birds' swaying nest.—
Good-night, Good-night !

Sleep, Lady, sleep ! naught may break thy dreaming ;
The full-moon is up and brightly beaming ;
And radiant stars are fondly gleaming,—
Good-night, Good-night !

Sleep, Lady, sleep ! here thy lov'r-sentinel
Sweet vigil keeps,—soothing thy slumbers well
With softest music from Apollo's shell.—
Good-night, Good-night !

SENTRY'S EVENING HYMN.—1861.

“Home is where the heart is,” sings the poet. “The heart is where home is,” says the soldier; and not the daily stir of camp life; not the march, with its ever changing scenes; not even the deadly shock of battle can banish the recollections of the dear friends he has left behind, that crowd his hours of leisure and of rest. At dead of night, as the sentinel paces his lonely round, his mind is busy with fondest memories. Wrapped in his blanket, with only the stars above him, the soldier's weary body finds rest in sleep; yet he wanders from warlike scenes. No moonbeam brighter in its silvery flood than is his dream of that far-off home, where his good old father and mother sit by the chimney-corner and talk of their boy who has gone to the war.

Good-night, my friends, a fond good-night;
The sun is setting slow;
Around me evening's fairy light
Spreads soft its golden glow;
While, rising from the Orient hills,
The moon attracts my sight
To shimmering waves and glinting rills —
Good-night, my friends, good-night.

Here once again, beneath this sky,
We rest from battle-strife ;
All weary, that we long to fly
To scenes of peaceful life ;
But this deep hour's for watchful men,
'Tis full of vestal light ;
Alas ! at morn we strive again —
Good-night, my friends, good-night.

Yet in this calm, majestic hour,
My soul finds rest once more ;
Through yon pale moon's mysterious power
I feel the joys of yore ;
And as my vivid fancies roam
O'er scenes so passing bright,
Again they waft to each loved home —
Good-night, my friends, good-night.

LIFE'S GUIDING STAR.

Standing out among the shadows that have gather'd
o'er my way,
One pure star alone is shining, lit with Faith's un-
dying ray ;
And that star-beam, 'mong the shadows, makes a
radiance in my heart —
And the promise of a morning whose clear light will
n'er depart.

One that I have lov'd has parted back Death's wa-
ters, dark and cold ;
And will walk with me no longer through life's
pathway, as of old ;
And I hear no gentle calling of my name in fondest
tone —
Hush'd that voice, and still the beating of the heart
I lov'd has grown.

And the pale hand pressed so fondly within mine,
when death was near,
Has grown colder, and lies folded where the turf
grows white and sere ;
And the trysting-place no longer hath a charm in
summer time ;
There the lost winds, like a mourner, chant a wild
and funeral rhyme.

As the night-fall cometh slowly over scenes I lov'd
so well,
So around my spirit creepeth fears which life can
n'er dispel ;
Yet, among the shadows gath'ring, thickly gath'ring
o'er my way,
One bright star is ever shining, lit with Hope's im-
mortal ray.

FRIENDS OF OUR BOYHOOD.

INSCRIBED TO MR. DAVID L. SEARING.

All scatter'd, all scatter'd and fled,
Are the friends of our boyhood ;
Like the leaves of the wild forest,
Faded the young and the good :
The kindest and truest of earth,
Have long departed and gone ;
The most loving and the dearest,
Are all away to their bourne.

All scatter'd — and silent the hills
And the green valleys of yore ;
Yet voices of those long lost ones,
Come to us now evermore :
But where are the *hopes* that were ours ?
Where now the *joys* of that day ?
And where are our kindred spirits —
Why have they flitted away ?

All scatter'd — never to mingle,
 Fondest of friendships are o'er,
And the fairy years of our youth
 Never will come to us more :
But adieu ! oh, truest boyhood,
 To thy long, bright, sunny day ;
Since friends, hopes, and fancies of ours,
 Have pass'd forever away.

COME NOT TO THE BOWER.

TO RACHELLE.

Come not to the bower, for Autumn late has faded
The jessamine, which bloom'd so sweetly there ;
The green ivy's gone, its gentle op'ning shaded,
When the sun's bright rays wanton'd in the air :
No more the merry plumaged birds are sporting
Among the summer sweets borne on the gale,
Where once our dreaming hearts were soft anthems
courting,
From a streamlet's voice which flow'd through the
vale.

Come not now, for the sweet star which then shone
brightest
In youthful hours, with a soft, steady blaze,
O'er us who deem'd then each coming hour the
lightest —

As wanderers in life's delusive maze —
Is dimm'd by the cloud glimmering in the distance
To damp the soul's deep ardor forever —
Destroy all sweets and pleasures of existence —
Quench our youthful fire, and our joys sever.

Nay, come not, for oh, drear winter's breath hath
shaken

The fragrant vines, once rich with summer's bloom;
Those we lov'd on earth have our old paths forsaken,
With love as transient as the flow'rs sweet perfume:
Oh, come not now, for the years of bliss are clouded,
And faithless Hope to our joys hath spoken:
And the veil of gloom, the germ of love has shrouded,
Which kindled love-dreams, now lost and broken.

THE EXILE.

INSCRIBED TO MR. WILLIAM R. GREEN, MONTCLAIR, N. J.

Where are the hopes we so fondly cherish'd
In life's young day?
Like those bright flowers that quickly perish'd,
Far — far away :
Where are the true friends of youth's fonder days?
Oh, where are they?
The unreal here lingers around our gaze —
Truth, far — far away.

Where are the sweet birds that sang above us,
In early May?
The "voice of warning" that oft' was o'er us
When far away?
The love and the truth of those years flit by,
Too bright to stay ;
And the pale blue wastes of that Western sky
Seem far — far away.

Alas ! our hearts will grow sadder — fonder —
And day by day ;
The spell to which each thought will e'er wander,
Is far away :
There are the voices which ne'er deceive us,
And ever pray —
Our faint devotion full oft' shall grieve us,
Here, far — far away.

When shall we wander among June roses,
Say, Spirit, say ?
And dream again where sweet peace reposes,
So far away :
Where Love and Youth, and Hope will ever dwell
In cloudless day ;
And the lone Exile greet, at calling bell,
Friends, not far away.

THE SPELL OF SONG.

TO IRENE.

Sing on, sweet maid, thy witching strain, for it hath
joys for me ;
And I would hear thy rich-toned voice utter its melody ;
Bringing to mind my boyhood's hours, when in the
woods we stray'd,
And life's pathway was strewn with flowers, ere fate
our hopes betray'd.

No power, or wealth, can ever buy a simple strain
like thine,
Yet both would I most willing give, if bye-gone
days were mine ;
And list'ning to that simple song, I feel my bosom
swell,
The warm blood leap within my veins, beneath the
potent spell.

There's wondrous power in that sweet strain, tho'
simple is its art,
For it is tuned to reach the chords that vibrate in the
heart ;
Its magic bursts the bright sun forth, illumining my
track,
And on the dial of my soul the shadow has gone
back.

RACH.

“ Yes, on the porch of life we stood,
With all the world before us;
Around us dreams of coming good,
And Hope's bright blossoms o'er us.
The fortunes joined that summer night,
Beneath the damp June roses,
And hands then clasped in troth and plight,
Shall cling until life closes.”

— *Anon.*

Blest years have fled, and hopes are dead
That once were cherish'd in their prime,
And strangely blind — each thought I find
Yet loves the fond ideal clime.
No longer beam the hillocks red
With berries that repaid the search;
Alas ! for golden moments fled
With thee — my fairest Rach.!

They've pass'd away — those days in May —
That time. — The sunlight on the hills
Brought forth the flowers ; and genial showers
Refill'd the merry, singing rills.

Ah ! many pleasant words were said
In yonder grove of silv'ry birch —
And many were my vows to wed
With thee — my fairest Rach. !

The Summer's fled ; and Winter's dread
Symbolic seems of present years ;
And Passion's grasp contains the asp
That poisons life with evil fears.
Those summer flowers are not all dead —
Those flowers which grew beside the church,
Nor hast thy love yet from me fled —
Thou'rt mine — my fairest Rach. !

I WAITED BY THE OLD OAK TREE.

“ Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
In our hearts they perish not.”

I waited by the old oak tree in youth's fond, dreamy
hour ;
The winds play'd with the waving grain and sweet
the perfum'd flower :
The sun hung faintly in the West, and hush'd was
grove and dell,
I waited by the old oak tree for one I lov'd so well.

Would I could clasp that dear one now to this sad
heart of mine,
And once again, within my own, her fair young
hands entwine ;
And hear again her ringing laugh make music in the
breeze,
And wander by her side once more among the rocks
and trees.

But the spell is o'er — my star has set — and life's
young hopes are fled ;
That voice is hushed forever now, and she is with
the dead :
Her 'angel face, elastic step, these eyes no more
shall see ;
Still love will linger evermore beside the old oak
tree.

JUNE IN THE COUNTRY.

June, rainbow-robed and fresh as dawn,
Comes to us once again ;
Her bloom is on the cherry-trees,
Her "cowslips " gem the plain :
The zephyr, and the laughing stream,
Are singing, all in tune,
The summer's praises o'er and o'er,
And opening of June.

The maples don their gala-dress —
A livery of green ;
The alders proudly nod to see
Their image in the stream :
The robin trills the legends o'er
He learn'd beyond the sea —
The bob-o-link, with tireless note,
Joins in the melody.

Dame Nature, the old dowager,
Shows now a smiling face ;

Her robe, with "dandelions" gemm'd,
She wears with queenly grace :
And pullets scour the garden walks
Their sustenance to win —
They'll make a "dinner" by and by,
Though *now* they make a "din !"

The frogs — those "Knights of Evening Song"—
Are *nightly* wide awake ;
I have no doubt they sing to sleep
The "tadpoles," small and great :
And e'en I fancy, 'neath such strains,
The happy "polliwogs,"
Dilate with pride on what they'll do
When they are grown-up frogs !

JEANNETTE :
A YOUTHFUL FLAME.

“ Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure !
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;
Ae fareweel, alas ! forever !”

— *Burns.*

Restless, oh restless, are my heart's deep fountains,
That with a tide of feeling o'erflow ;
And, like the shadows resting on the mountains,
Thoughts o'er my being darkly come and go.
I feel alone, alone ; life's rough edge pressing
So coldly, heavily upon my heart ;
Alas ! I pine for thine old time caressing ;
Some *fate* decreed that we should dwell apart.

There was an evening in the gentle summer,
When the wind's soft notes floated through the
leaves,

And whirling wings of insects made a murmur
Among the vines that cluster'd 'round the eaves,
That I, as now, found life so lone and fearful —
Longed for a heart to nestle close to mine —
And, hiding my sad face with sorrow tearful,
My soul was joy'd that I was pressed to thine.

But thou, beloved, the dearest one I cherish,
Must tread a path that leads away from mine ;
And yet my heart's fond worship ne'er may perish,
Nor dim the altar that was lately thine ;
No earthly troth-plight from our lips was spoken,
All silently our destinies were read —
My life is ending when earth's ties are broken,
And careless lips now utter, " They are dead."

BOYISH MEMORIES.

A RETROSPECT.

"Then might this restless heart be still, this straining eye
might close."

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Oh, would that boyhood's joyous hours time might
again restore,
And bring before me visions bright of tranquil scenes
once more ;
And as I cast a backward glance to hear sweet boy-
hood's strain,
Those eager joys, that vigorous life, fill every swell-
ing vein :
But as in once familiar haunts I *now* in sorrow tread,
The *past*, despoiled of all its charms, unsepulchres
its dead.

How often, 'neath this shady oak, in summer would
I lie,
And watch the plumaged, tireless birds, soar far
against the sky ;
And listening to the church bells' chime, that broke
upon the air,
Kneel down within my solitude and breathe a fervent
prayer :
O, those were bright exulting days that dawned upon
me then,
When Fancy held life's magic brush, and Poetry the
pen.

My boyhood's love — I feel it now with all its fervid
glow ;
Once more I see her captive locks in flaxen ringlets
flow ;
Again I feel myself enclosed within her proud embrace,
Again her loving eyes are raised in fondness to my
face :
But oh, the seal of Heaven was upon her classic
brow ;
Too fair and fragile for our earth — she is God's
angel now.

I know full well that boyhood's days cannot return
again ;
No more its ardent, eager joys, shall fill a single
vein :
But when life's broken ties are knit, when wounded
hearts are healed,
When scattered friendships once again by harmony
are sealed,
When Christ shall bring the sleepers forth from out
the boundless sea,
Oh, then again, time may restore my boyish days to
me.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD.—1881.

“Soldierly the soldier died.”

—*Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.*

Fold the brave hands on his breast,
Leave him to his dreamless rest ;
Night, with dark and solemn brow,
Hides him in her chamber now ;
And, while years their numbers tell,
He shall slumber, deep and well.

Weep not o'er the chieftain's bed,
Soft it pilloweth his head ;
Life's rude storms above him beat,
Howls the tempest at his feet,
Yet they wake no fever now —
Madden'd pulse nor throbbing brow.

Chisel out the rocks with care,
Raise the column grandly there ;
Bring rare flowers — bid them bloom
Sweetly o'er the soldier's tomb :
Freed from party strife and pain,
He shall waken not again.

'Till the last loud trump shall sound —
Whose hoarse thunders shake the ground —
And the mighty, risen God,
Claims his dust from out the sod ;
Evermore to dwell above,
Safely in his Father's love.

GENTLE WORDS.

"A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—BIBLE.

They fall upon the breaking heart
In sorrow's gloomy hours,
As morn's sweet dew-drops fall upon
The drooping, fading flow'rs ;
Or, as upon the thirsty fields
Fall grateful, summer show'rs.

They come as sunbeams on the soul,
Dispersing doubts and fears ;
The magic tones of sympathy
Unseal the fount of tears ;—
The erring lead to virtue's paths,
And point to brighter years.

Oh, what a little thing it is
To speak a word of love,
To sorrowing or to erring ones,
As down life's path we move ;—
But that *word* may, for aught we know,
An Angel's blessing prove.

LIFE'S STRUGGLE :

THE POET'S LAMENT FOR AN OLD FLAME.

"Let 'bye-gones be bye-gones,' but let us still be friends."

— REAL LIFE.

There is no sunshine in mine eye ;
I cannot smile as others do ;
Yet would not cloud another's sky,
Whate'er my sorrows or my woe !
But in the temple of my heart,
My soul is lone and desolate ;
My dearest, fondest hopes depart,
And leave me to my heavy fate.

Why should I tell the world my care ?
It cannot calm my surging grief,
Nor to my harrowing despair,
Attract the sunshine of relief ;
They did not see her in her youth,
Or worship at so lovely shrine ;
Nor know her purity and truth,
Who should, alas, have been but mine.

Well, well ! Why should I let my woe
Cast sadness o'er another's life ;
Amid this seething passion-flow,
I should myself bear all the strife.
Oh, let us still be friends ! she said ;
Carve a new purpose out on time ;
Let the " dead past bury its dead,"
Oh, fickle lover, once of mine !

Now light again is in mine eye,
And I can smile as others do ;
I would not cloud another's sky
With sadd'ning " bye-gones," or with woe ;
But with devotedness of heart,
In patience, and with courage wait
The years all fearlessly depart,
That lead me to Heav'n's shining gate.

THE LAST GUEST.

*Written at the United States Hotel, Avon Springs, New
York, September, 1863.*

The night of the 17th of September, 1863, was unusually cool at Avon; all night long the winds moaned through the trees surrounding the hotel, giving premonition of approaching winter. Rising the following morning, later than usual, the writer found the halls and corridors deserted, every guest, save himself, having departed by the early trains. At the entrance to the dining hall the proprietor met him with the remark: "*They have all gone, and you are now alone.*"

Alone! — and have all gone from hence?
Those forms that gaily paced
These silent floors, these spacious halls,
But now so richly graced!
Gone! ah, my sad and lonely heart,
'Tis thine, at last, to know
That even here the steps of joy
Are tracked by those of woe.

Alone ! no more I meet them now,
Where'er I turn my gaze —
Gone are the greetings and the smiles
That blessed the earlier days !
Alone ! low, sadly on my ear
Falls autumn's wailing song !
While 'round my steps the faded leaves
Of summer sadly throng.

Adieu ! ye transient, fading forms ;—
We may not meet again ;
Joy go with you, while memory haunts
My heart with tender pain !
Regret nor tears can aught avail
These dear scenes to renew,—
To which my lonely, lingering heart,
Must also breathe adieu !

THE WINTRY FOREST.

Lonesome and bleak in leafless desolation —

Black when night's shadows steal along that way ;
Their bright robes fallen — laid, a meek oblation,
Upon the shrine of conquering Decay !

Grand and imposing ! let me stay here longer ;
We cannot look too much on lovely scenes !
Love for the grand within my breast grows stronger,
When gazing on 'rapt beauties such as these.

The lightest touch of Time's transmuting finger
Changed into brown these withered, death-struck
leaves ;

Once green and verdant as the hues which linger
On the great branches of the hemlock trees !
Now lying 'neath the snows of bleak December,
Enrapt in winding-sheet of purest white ;
Gone to decline — each made a silent member
Of Death's black mansion, black as starless night !

Wild the wind surges through the creaking branches,
 Ghost-like and weird its undulating tones —
Swayed by its breath the gummy pine-tree launches
 Out on the air, low, sighing, labored groans !
Echo takes up and multiplies the chanting —
 The ice-bound streams are palsied in their flow ;
Sad phantom whisp'rings, dreaded waste-spots haunt-
 ing,
 Mix with the chime their breathings trilling low.

The light snow fills the air — white — coldly whirling,
 Brushing the mosses on the dim old trees ;
Round the grey rocks its pale wreaths slowly curl-
 ing —
 Borne on the pinions of the maddened breeze !
The wintry forest ! beauties without number
 Are hiding in its wan and ghostly aisles ;—
Here the pale moonlight calms itself to slumber,
 Here the rich sunlight sheds it gorgeous smiles.

RACHELLE ANN.

" Had the hey-day and the bloom of youth fled, soever?
Nay — nay ! these are her own — her heritage forever !"
— *Old Song.*

I loved a maiden once — she was fair,
Very fair,
Rachelle Ann !
With the dark brown tresses from her head,
And her silk train, like the buff and red
Chinese figures, on her Chinese fan —
Rachelle Ann !

And this fairest maiden that I loved,
Loved me,
Rachelle Ann !
Oh, how silly ! but we had young hearts,
And we wiled the time with simple arts ;
And she thought me quite a gallant man —
Rachelle Ann !

Bless you, love, but that was long ago —

Oh, thou rare

Rachelle Ann !

How we dreamed those early years away ;

Thinking life a long, bright summer's day :

Don't you know how ' smooth ' our ' true love ' ran,

Rachelle Ann ?

Now I sit and proudly watch you there —

And you're fair,

Rachelle Ann !

Still your hair is deepest chestnut brown ;

And your head's fit for a queenly crown :

Match your brown eyes? There are none who can,

Rachelle Ann !

Love may slumber long, but never die,

Oh, thou true

Rachelle Ann !

Thou shalt be, henceforth, my Guiding Star ;

Mooring safe beyond life's surging bar :—

Woman's work on earth, since life began —

Rachelle Ann.

MY BOYHOOD'S HOME.

“ And no spring shall evermore restore us
What of youth and hope we once have lost,
'Till the last sad change shall hasten o'er us —
'Till the valley of the dead be crossed.”

— *Henry Morford.*

My boyhood's home — my boyhood's home !
In vivid hues remain
Pictured upon fond memory's page,
Though ne'er to live again !

Youth withers in the passing gale,
Love's ties are broken, too ;
And life, at last, presents the mind
But little sweet or new !

My boyhood's hours — oh, where are ye ?
Gone — mingled with the past !
Life's river onward sweeps away —
Nothing on earth shall last !

The cot is there — the trees are green,
And nature smiles as then ;
But oh, my heart is withering fast,
Never to bloom again.

My boyhood's home — my boyhood's home *
A long, a last adieu !
I know regret and tears are vain,
Naught can your charms renew.

For all is changing 'round us here :
City and temple proud,
Pass, like the castled semblance, in
A stormy, evening cloud.

THE LAST OF EARTH.

"For here we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face."—BIBLE.

He is dying, dying, and day after day,
His brow grows paler, his flesh wastes away ;
The flush on his cheek, and the light of his eye,
Are symbols which tell me he is going to die !

He is dying ! so be it — perhaps 'tis as well,
As here to remain, to struggle, and tell
Of toil and misfortune, of trial and pain,
To hearts which repulse him with coldness again.

He is dying in spirit, he is dying in heart !
Adversity's pierced him with poisonous dart !
While fighting life's battle he manfully fell,—
There leave him to struggle,—he is dying,—'tis well!

Not long can ye bind him in Poverty's chain ;
Not long will he list to the weeping refrain

Of famishing children, or desolate wife —
He is dying, to enter on newness of life !

No scandal, nor envy, nor malice can blight
The joy of that day-spring which knows not a night ;
Nor dictum of man can his spirit enthrall,
Though *dying in body*, he is *living in soul* !

TO JEANNETTE.

ON BEHOLDING AN EARLY PORTRAIT.

"I saw thee, years ago ;
I must not say how many, but not many."

— EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Thou fairest one, whose dreamy dark brown eyes
Have looked so oft' and modestly to mine ;
At whose dear name such pleasing mem'ries rise,
'Round whose bright image such sweet fancies
twine,
What art thou now to me ?

Thou frail memorial of my youthful hours !
From thee, some fate my heart forever bars ;
Yet if on earth there bloom for me no flow'rs —
What fondest meeting waits beyond the stars !
What recognition there ?

Thou lovely partner of sweet days, long o'er,
 Would I could live those hours of bliss again ;
But the bright dream is past, and nevermore
 Thou in my longing heart can'st ever reign —
 Yet thou'rt forever near.

*STILL THE ANGEL STARS ARE
SHINING.*

A MEMORY OF CAYUGA LAKE, N. Y.

Still the Angel stars are shining,
Still the rippling waters flow ;
But the Angel voice is silent,
That I heard here, long ago.
"Long ago."

Still the lake is gemm'd with diamonds,
Still the skies are soft and gray ;
But from off my heart — oh, never
Shall the dark cloud roll away !
"Roll Away."

Still the wood is dim and lonely,
Still the deep-green wavelets play ;
But the past and all its beauty —
Whither has it fled away !
"Fled away."

Cease, O surges — mournful surges !

Once I loved your music well ;

Now my heart is sad and weary —

Days of old, a long farewell !

“Farewell.”

THE GRAVE.—IMPROMPTU.

WRITTEN IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY.

'Tis said the grave is cold and all
Is calm and quiet there,
And nothing but the darkling worm
That quietness can share ;
That 'round about the tall grass grows,
And weeping willows wave,
And fitful breezes sweep along
Above each new-made grave.

'Tis said the wind moans mournfully
And sighs in funeral note ;
And there above the sleeping dead
Celestial spirits float.
Should this be true — why dread the grave ?
And shrink with trembling fears ?
Or, why, when friends within are laid,
Bedew it with our tears ?

'Tis true the grave is dark, but here
Sweet flow'rs may deck the ground,
And cypress wave in beauty near —
No dreariness around.
We all must know a grave at last,
And all must pass away ;
Eternal life we then shall find,
And dawning of the Day.

SONG.—*I CANNOT SPEAK HER
NAME AGAIN.*

TO MRS. H. H. PEDEN.

AIR :—“ *Oh, no, we never mention her.*”

I cannot speak her name again ;
Nor break the mystic spell
That binds me with a tender pain,
I may not learn to tell :
A song there is I cannot sing—
Why hide my vain regret !
My harp hangs mute with broken string—
They ask me to forget.

I cannot see her waiting there
Close by the English larch ;
The budding roses, not more fair,
Now twine a broken arch :

I ne'er again shall clasp her hand—
That clasp remember'd yet ;
In vain I call across the strand—
“ Oh, say ! can *you* forget ? ”

I cannot hear her voice again,
Or gaze upon her face ;
Yet ever watch the far-off plain
And scan the seething space :
Oh, heart of truth — so true thou art,
Keep true and fonder yet !
Thine is a love, oh, changeless heart,
That never can forget.

And I will keep forever bright
This Altar's sacred Flame ;
It sheds no evanescent light,
But burns for aye the same :
She may forget how I am prov'd,
The Larch-tree where we met —
“ But if she loves as I have lov'd,
She never can forget.”

THE BETRAYED.

High up a cliff that walled the sea,
At midnight climbed a lonely form —
Alas ! what being could it be,
Who braved the night, in such a storm ?

It was, oh, God ! a wretched maid
Whose only lover prov'd unkind ;
And here she stood, full undismayed,
Resolved to leave the world behind.

And kneeling down, with bosom bare,
She asked forgiveness of her sin ;
While for another was her prayer —
“ Oh, Lord, be merciful to him ! ”

The winds swept on with fiercer cry,
The light'nings flashed — the deluge pour'd,
Anon the thunders shook the sky —
And loud below the breakers roar'd !

She rose up from her bended knee,
And on the brink a moment stood ;
Then with one shriek of agony
She leaped — and sunk into the flood.

There leave her with her awful woes ;
Her wrongs no poet's pen can tell ;
It was her *fate* to be of those
Who “ love not wisely, but too well.”

Oh, fell destroyer,—look with care !
Thy doom eternal, none can save ;
Outcast, thy soul sinks in despair —
That face shall haunt thee *past the grave* !

OH! SING THAT SONG AGAIN.

TO MISS LOUISE SEARLE,

Rice Opera Troupe.

Oh, sing again that charming strain you sang when
first we met :
Its sylvan notes still haunt me now, methinks I hear
them yet ;
And tho' so many years have fled, and dim'd is now
my sight,
I've still a wish to hear that song you sang so sweet
that night.

Oh, then the early, glad spring-time made all the
earth rejoice,
And my young life-blood bounded wild at thy en-
trancing voice ;
But autumn days now creep along, and leaves are
falling yet —
'Twill cheer my soul to hear that song you sang
when first we met.

Before the pleasures of that hour, all sorrows die
away ;
And I baptize my soul anew, in memories of that
day :
And tho' with change the past is strewn, I never can
forget
The song of love you sang that night, the night when
first we met.

Then take the fond guitar again, and strike its strings
along,
And let the wilds re-echo far the rustic woodland
song ;
That ere my sands of life be run, my sun of life be
set,
I yet may hear that witching strain you sang when
first we met.

THE LAST RECOGNITION.

"Is it well with the child? — It is well!"

—BIBLE.

"Mother, I am dying fast ;
Earth's brief dream is nearly o'er ;
And, from hence, my home is cast
Where there's life forevermore.

"Weep not, oh ! fond mother, dear ;
Nor let tears thus constant fall ;
For do I not only hear
Earlier the Master's call ?

"Lay me where the wild flow'rs dwell,
Down beneath yon willow tree ;
Bird and branches will weep well,
When my spirit once is free.

“ Raise me, mother, to the light —
What is this comes o’er my eyes ?
Shading you from my fond sight ;
Filling room with gorgeous dyes.”

Thus a sweet child faintly spoke,
As the Angels bent in love —
But the “ silver cord ” is broke,
And her spirit dwells above.

Grieve not — God is over all —
Thou fond Mother for thy Pride ;
Many rose-buds climb the wall —
Some must burst on Heaven’s side.

THE DEATH OF THE BRAVE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE U. S. SOLDIERS WHO FELL AT ANTIETAM.

" Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria Mori."

How sweet and glorious it is for one's country to die;
To fall in the conflict with our face to the foe's !
On victory's soft bosom the valiant soldier shall lie,
And calmly sink there in her arms to repose.

What though by the rude shock of battle his spirit
expires,
And the hero swift passeth away to his rest ?
True glory his soul with fond emotion still fires,
And beats for his country the last throb of his
breast.

With tears sincere shall proud beauty his lov'd ashes
bedew ;

Breathing oft' a soft sigh o'er the sods on his
grave ; —

And seeking fresh June roses the treasur'd spot to
bestrew,

Shall weep there while the cypress and broad
willows wave.

THE MIDNIGHT BELL.

TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y. CITY, 1870.

The bell strikes twelve ! Twelve strikes the mid-
night bell !

What mingled tones of sadness — joy they are —
What mournful strokes for old To-day's death knell !
The morrow's gladsome birth-peal rung afar.

The bell strikes twelve ! To-day now vaults from
peak —

The pinnacle of rugged mountain, Time,
In past's abyss a rayless grave to seek : —
Those arduous heights now see To-morrow climb !

The bell strikes twelve ! Its strokes seem vocal
sound,

As 't were the cadence of created one. —
Hark ! Hear To-day's last gasp — all silence 'round —
To-morrow's first breath-cry — Time's new-born
son !

The bell strikes twelve ! To-day's last hour expires ;
Old Time now travails with To-morrow's birth —
An offspring doomed to share the vain desires,
The joys, the sorrows, hopes and fears of earth.

The bell strikes twelve ! It is the Archangel's voice,
Proclaiming loud to this diurnal hour,
"Thou shalt no longer be ! Again rejoice,
O ! Time, at birth of living Day once more."

TO A LADY OPPOSITE.

SERIO-COMIC SONG.

I wish that "*thing*" would move away,
That girl right over there,
Who sits "*stuck up*" the live-long day,
In that old rocking-chair :
There's dread upon my soul at morn
To near the sash, the while ;
I'm sure to see her there, at dawn,
With that eternal smile.

Forever at that window-seat,
A-casting eyes to me
She sits — and there is no retreat,
No way to 'scape or flee :
Too long they've liv'd there opposite —
I am in much despair —
Would she were more cos-mop-o-lite ;
Or, did not live just there.

Some things to woman-kind belong —

To plot, allure and plan —

I understand that “ *Siren’s Song*,”

Though I’m a single man ;

And she may sit there long and well

And wave that “ *snowy scarf*,”

And make-believe that she won’t tell —

Here I will sit and “ *larf*.”

Yes ! here I’ll sit, mysterious maid,

And take your glances “ *in* ;”

And fondly gaze, through light and shade.

At your array of “ *tin* ;”

But when with me you make a match —

(The Proverb long will keep) —

Or, find me “ *foolin*,” you may catch

The weasel fast asleep.

THE VOLUNTEER'S DEPARTURE.

1861.

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three-hundred-thousand more."

WAR SONG, 1861.

"The foe ! The foe ! Does he not tread on Roman soil ?"

Away, away ! it is the trumpet's shrill cry,
Calling the sturdy volunteers to their arms ;—
With patriotism each bosom beats high,
And the air is fill'd with the war's rude alarms.

Brave Lincoln the loud peal for the war hath rung,—
Resounding it darts to the outermost North !
The hoarse song for the conflict already is sung,
And soldiers to "Quick-step" are now marching
forth.

From East to West — the North Atlantic along,
Is heard the war-drum's throb, and soul-stirring
ode ;—
The war-spirit's up ! — "three - hundred - thousand
strong,"
The soldiers are swarming at every cross-road.

Fall in, fall in! who here so base as to fly,
While his country and duty so loudly calls?
Her brave sons will join in her sacred war cry,—
And charge home the insolent foe's brazen walls.

Arouse for the conflict! — the whole land's ablaze!
The sword's now our weapon instead of the pen:
Call back the pride and glory of Assyrian days —
The honor and valor of God's chosen men!

Haste, youthful Volunteer! the mandate obey;
Yet snatch from yon maiden her last adieu:—
Suppress not that sigh! — gallant soldier, away!
The maiden shall live for her country and you.

And cowards, who wake not at Freedom's great call,
May find with the beasts an inglorious grave:—
Men only who dare for their country to fall,
Shall sleep 'neath the urn for the true and the brave.

FLEETING TIME.

"Our fathers, where are they?"

*"And Methuseleh lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years,
and died."*

—BIBLE.

Time is fleeting, ever fleeting—
Wintry days are coming near ;
I can hear the hail-storm beating,
And the rushing blast so drear.

Time is fleeting, wing'd and fleeting—
As the days once bright and long ;
And the gray storm-clouds are meeting,
Hushing all the woodland song.

Flow'rs are fading — birds are winging
Southward in their restless flight ;
And will cease for us their singing,
While our skies foretell of blight.

Leaves are falling, sadly falling—
Symbol of man's slow decay :
Stalled cattle lowly calling,—
Sheep-herds bleating for the day.

Life is fleeting, proudly fleeting —
Courage heart ! reward will come ;
Lay not off thine armor, treating,
'Till the Angels call thee home.

Battle as thy fathers battled ;
Sternly, in the long ago :
Rise above life's storms unshackl'd ; —
Triumph o'er its last dread foe.

BATTLE PRAYER.

FOR THE U. S. ARMY.—1861.

Oh Lord, with Thee is Death and Life !
To Thee we humbly pray;
Be with us in the Battle-strife —
Oh, shield our lives to-day !
Where Death lurks stealthy, there we go ;
Yet dread not cannon's roar ;
No coward-thought our hearts can know,
No fears oppress us more.

Hear us, Oh Lord ! and, if Thy will,
Grant that no unknown grave
These forms of ours, to-day, may fill—
Be Thou with us and save !
We cry again for *life* to Thee —
Bow low, Oh Lord, and hear !
All earthly weakness here we flee ;
Oh, show Thy face to cheer !

ORANGEBURGH STATION.

TO MISS C.

“ Men their homage pay to women,
And with love pursue ;
But long since my heart forever
Bade to love adieu ;—
All I have on earth is friendship—
That I give to you.”

— *Geo. P. Morris.*

Gaily may dance the laughing eyes
Of the olive maids of Spain ;
And orange-girls 'neath Italy's skies,
Still weave Love's burning chain ;—
Our western skies are paler blue,—
Our suns of lesser light ;—
But there's a girl with heart as true,
Whose dark eyes flash as bright—
At Orangeburgh Station.

What charm of modesty and mien—
Girl of the chestnut hair !
And dark brown eyes of wondrous sheen,
With drooping lashes rare ;
I am not proof 'gainst thy soft sighs ;
Or, half thy witchery ;
Fair dreamer from the starry skies,
And Flow'r of Destiny—
By Orangeburgh Station.

Hath Cupid pierc'd thy young heart yet,
With shaft from his fatal bow ;—
And gallant caught thee in Love's net,
With voice of silver flow ?
Since finger-tip of Venus press'd
Thy circling current through,
Thou wak'st with fire the Poet's breast,
And giv'st the Flame anew !—
Oh, Orangeburgh Station !

For what but Heav'n can match the bliss
Hid in that bosom of snow ;—
The pouting lips that wait a kiss,—
The sweet face all aglow !

For her might falter chief's last fight —
A monarch forfeit crown ;—
Once to bask in the soft love-light
Her dark eyes sendeth down —
At Orangeburgh Station.

Oh, maiden fair ! Love's all a dream
Of bells in wedding-chime ;
And Youth is but the fountain's gleam,—
A tale told in a rhyme !
Heav'n bless thee then, fair saint, and shield
Thy frail and sweet young life ;
And nerve thee on Love's jewel'd field ;
For Conquest still is rife
At Orangeburgh Station.

TO THE RAMAPO MOUNTAINS.

Sweet Ramapo ! How softly the evening light goes ;
And fades o'er mountain summits in ruby and rose,
Leaving all the deep plain and rich wild-wood be-
low,

Full ablaze with the glories they drink in thy glow ;
How grandly and solemnly thy misty peaks rise
Once more on my sight through the shadowy skies ;
How dear the lov'd landscape and each mountain
that towers ;

The sea-waving grain and the wild valley flowers !
Fair evening ! sweet evening ! Oh, haste not away,
Till the tears of your rover are dried in your ray !
And he feels that in years of long absence — not one
Of his loves — the green mount and grey ruin — are
gone.

Lov'd mountains ! as I wind thy wild fastnesses
through,

Your fair Rockland vales burst afresh on my view !

And here the glad spirit in its fetterless flights,
May wing free through a sphere of tranquil delights ;
O'er a maze of broad orchards, green meads and a
 slope,
From whose tints I once pictur'd the pinions of hope ;
When lilies and violets my love woo'd to stay
'Mid their odorous dells ere she faded away ;
And I call her by name, but the night wind that sighs,
Through the wilds of these mountains is all that re-
 plies.

Oh, long absent angel ! whose faithfulness threw
O'er my lonely existence a rose-tinted hue ;
Say ! say !— dost thou still, when the evening grows
 dim,
And the whip-o-will, lone, is singing her hymn ;
Remember the bower by the green mountain side,
Where the whispers were soft as the kiss of the bride ?
When we sat side by side, while the young crescent
 moon
Sail'd light as a pinnace through the purple of June.
But thy summits, fair mountains, are fading in woe,
And the moonlight falls sadder on fair Ramapo ;

The hamlets gleam pale and the yew-trees are weeping,
The sleep of the peaceful my fair one is keeping ;
The last light of day, like my hopes has departed ;
And I fall on the turf, by her side, so lone-hearted ;
Still the Ramapo mountains stand grandly and grim,
While there steals from the skies a sweet vesper-time
hymn.

FOREVER THINE.

Forever thine, though hills and seas divide —
 Though storms combine ;
Though stars withdraw, or deserts part us wide —
 Forever thine. .

Forever thine ! In all the waste of years
 Love's Mecca-shrine !
When friends forsake — through sorrows, cares and
 tears,
 Still ever thine.

Forever thine ! 'mid swell of worldly joys—
 In pledge of wine !
Thou angel-voice above earth's whirl and noise —
 Thine, fondly thine.

Forever thine ! unto high Heaven's control,
 Thyself resign ;
Point the worn spirit to its matchless goal —
 Predestined thine.

WINGED HOURS.

“Those hours that smiled ! where are they now ?
The rest are on the wing — how fleet their flight !”

Oh, hours from the land of viewless things—
Bright pilgrims to earth on rainbow wings,
We would of your life and being know ;
From whence ye journey—whither ye go ?
Mortal ! seek all things that vanish soon—
Dewdrops that flee with the blaze of noon ;
The meteor darting so bright and free,
The waves that curl o'er the dark, blue sea ;
Ask the sunbeam, dancing on the stream,—
Visions which float o'er a feverish dream ;—
The lightning's flash ere the storm cloud lowers —
Such, and so fleet, are the changing hours.

Some of us, vested in light, pursue
The mystic path that no eye may view :
Some, robed in the ever-changing dyes
Float at evening time o'er sunset skies ;

And some in a gray and misty veil,
Glide silently on in the starlight pale ;
Through the quiet night—the glare of day—
Still on we follow and make no stay ;—
Ye chide our haste and ye wish us slow,
But never heeding, right on we go ;
And many a sigh from Earth's fair bow'rs
Is borne on the wings of the passing hours.

The pure in heart, with voices of song ;
And stainless hands not formed for wrong ;
The sinless brow, and the guileless eye,
May hail us with glee, as fast as we fly !
Alas ! there are some to whom we bear
Dark thoughts of the past, and of future despair ;
To whom every plume in each drooping wing
Is shaft more deadly than Scorpion's sting !
Yet countless blessings we love to shed
In fragrance o'er the guiltless head ;—
And sweeter to some than breath of flow'rs
Are memories left by the fleeting hours.

THE BROOK IN THE WOODLAND.

A MOOR(E)ISH-AMERICAN MELODY.

Lone brook of the woodland with thy fast-flowing
tide ;

And soft murmuring waters that placidly glide ;
E'en sad now to my heart is your low, plaintive tone,
As I think of the voices long silent and gone :—

Of the lov'd ones that roam'd here and drank at thy
brim,

And the bright eyes that watched thee — now rayless
and dim ;—

Of youth's dreams and ambitions—delusive alway,
Yet sparkling in sunshine like thy ripples that play.

Lov'd brook of the valley where the violet blows,
How sweet in cool shadows at noon to repose ;
The west wind makes music through the dark wav-
ing woods ;

With the hum of the bees and the bursting of buds ;

No passion or strife from the rude world may intrude
To ruffle this scene, or break the sweet solitude ;—
The deep calm of the Sabbath reigns always serene,
Through the bloom-scented isles of this temple of
green.

Bright fount of the woodland ! I think as I rove,
Of the absent, the distant, the dead that I love ;
Soon, soon in wide ocean shall thy waters be toss'd,
As fond hearts are severed and true friends are lost ;
Yet nowhere in this world are the waters so sweet,
As those in this valley flowing fast at my feet ;—
And how few at life's noon have such spirits of truth,
As the friends that we lov'd in the days of our youth.

THE SOLDIER'S REVERIE.

AN ARMY SONG—1863.

There's a vale that I love—to my heart, oh, how near !
There's a spot in my dreams—to my mem'ry most
dear !

I may wander at will,
But my heart ever turns
To the cot 'neath the hill,
With its willows and ferns ;
To my own true valley, and clear, flowing river,
Fairer to me than storied Guadalquiver.

In the tent, on the march, or on guard—in the fight ;
I can see the red school, and the spire and the light !

E'en by the camp-fire here,
Sure I see, boys, and sigh,—
As home rises so near
To fond memory's eye !
'Tis my own true valley, and bright, flowing river,
Fairer to me than storied Guadalquiver

What matter that strange stars are shining above,
boys ;

They cannot beam brighter than eyes that we love,
boys ;

And now weariedly wait

With eye straining to see

Their love-lost at his gate ;—

Under his home roof-tree

By his own true valley and soft-flowing river,

Dearer to heart than storied Guadalquiver.

SUNSET.

Softly underneath Hesperian curtains,
Crimson-hued — with gold and purple fring'd —
Fades away the cloud of pleasant sunshine,
Leaving all the fair West ruby-tinged.

Softly from its white tent of sweet blossoms,—
Shaking out their fragrance to the air ;
Swells the eve-hymn of the joyous wild-bird,—
Chasing from the burden'd heart its care.

Slowly in the silver-tinted heavens
Wakes the first star, faint with dazzling light ;
Growing stronger in the thick'ning shadows,
Settling fast before the closing night.

Majestic — with sudden shimmer,
Comes the white moon out the Orient sea ;
Scatt'ring blessings from the distant region —
Gather'd from Life's fruitful Manna-Tree.

When the sunlight of my life is sinking
O'er the Hesper-hill of twilight, Time ;
May God's angel ever then protect me --
Leading where there is no sunset clime.

OH, TAKE THE LUTE!

THE POET'S LAST SONG.

Oh, take the lute away,—no more I'll sing ;—
The minstrel here must breathe his last farewell !
Like winter's bird o'ertaken by the spring,
My lyre is silenced by a mystic spell.
These old, old songs that I have sung to-night,
In other days awoke the purest joy ;
But time can give to fondest hope a blight,
And fill all raptures with a base alloy.

Youth's laurel-wreath lies sprinkl'd o'er with dust ;
Corroding cares have done the work of years ;
Vainly I watch with tender, ling'ring trust,—
No promise of lost youth or hope appears.
Fond mem'ries of long vanish'd years return ;
And visions sweet come to the failing sight :—
No more with song this bosom proud shall burn,—
The fragile lute's unstrung for aye to-night.

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